H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter,
TO ALL PARTS of the WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, Cross St., and 2, VICTORIA ST. (late of the Arcade.)

CHARLESWORTH'S DAY HOTEL and RESTAURANT, 35, CANNON STREET.
One minute's walk from the Exchange. Increased accommodation. The most complete and best appointed Restaurant in Manchester.
New Dining, Smoking, and Chess Rooms. Parcel Office, Lavatories, &c.

OLDHAM STREET.

Vol. III.—No. 118. MANCHESTER, Saturday, NOVEMBER 12th. Price One Penny.

TEA,
THIS YEAR'S GROWTH,
VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Congou.....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

D. WARD,
BOOTMAKER,
34, DEANSGATE.
Manufacturer of the Reg. Shooting Boot.

SMOKERS-SPECIAL-3,500 MEERSCHAUM PIPES.
SEE TAYLOR'S WINDOW.
ALFRED TAYLOR,
99, OXFORD STREET,
ALL SAINTS', MANCHESTER,
Begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has purchased the above enormous quantity in Vienna, a job lot. The majority are worth from 25s. to 40s. each. Your choice for 10s. 6d. The greatest bargain ever offered to the public. Forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of P.O. order, carriage paid.

GENTLEMENS' SCOTCH WOOL HOSIERY.
VESTS, PANTS, AND DRAWERS.
THE KNITTED CARDIGAN JACKETS,
5s. to 23s.
New Patterns in
WOOLLEN SHIRTINGS.
KID, WOOLLEN, AND LINED GLOVES.
WOOLLEN SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.
E. W. CHADWICK,
262, DEANSGATE,
Corner of St. John Street.

BRANDY.

A very general impression prevails among the people of this country that Brandy is distilled by the Merchants abroad who ship it to this country, and whose names have in the popular mind become synonymous with the words, "Cognac Brandy."
A very short explanation will show how totally without foundation this impression is. Brandy is really made by the numerous large and small proprietors of vineyards around Cognac, in the Charente Inferieure, who in the first instance make their grapes into wine and as soon as the fermentation has ceased, set to work and distil the wine, the spirit from which is the fine Brandy of Commerce. Immediately after the distillation is completed, the Brandy is purchased in large quantities by the Cognac merchants, who ship it to the various markets for which they have orders. The farmers take their Brandy to market just as farmers here do their corn, and, as a rule, vie with each other in their endeavours to get a name for quality, and each acts on his judgment in selling, some selling at once, some preferring to hold over and sell it when old, and some doing both. A great quantity of each year's produce is purchased in this country and brought over at once, and kept in bond till such time as it is wanted for use. It is a mistake the public make to suppose that because Brandy is bottled in France, and bears this name or that, it is therefore better or older than what respectable merchants sell in England. That which comes in bottle is precisely the same quality of Brandy as that which comes in cask, and, as a rule, it is sent younger and costs more, owing to extra expenses, than what regular merchants in England put up themselves, as they keep it in bond till fully matured. We advise the public to place no confidence whatever on the mere putting up of the article in bottle in France, but to BUY VALUE and NOT NAME.
We can give the very Finest
OLD COGNAC BRANDY
at
52s. PER DOZEN,
26s. PER GALLON,
and confidently ask comparison with Case Brandy of any shipper at 60s. to 72s. per dozen.
For Cooking and Preserving purposes we can give a pure young French Brandy at
36s. PER DOZEN,
18s. PER GALLON.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH STREET.

CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S"
SODA WATER,
SELTZER WATER,
POTASS WATER,
LEMONADE, &c.
JAMES HENRY CUFF, (late S. Thompstone),
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Sold by most Retailers of standing everywhere.
Ask particularly for CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S."

NOTICE OF REMOVAL & REDUCTION IN PRICES.
THE WHEELER & WILSON
SEWING MACHINE CO.
HAVE REMOVED from 22, Oldham Street, to those CENTRAL and COMMODIOUS PREMISES,
131, MARKET STREET, Manchester,
Where the Public are respectfully requested to call and inspect their new
"SILENT-WORKING" SEWING MACHINES.
In announcing a Great Reduction in Prices, the Company refer with gratification to past achievements. Twenty years' devotion to perfecting the Sewing Machine, and adapting it to social wants, now enable them to produce Machines at such a price as to bring them within the reach of all classes; and they are confident of still further meriting an increase in Public Favour, already so fully accorded, as is proved by the regularly-increasing sales, now upwards of 80,000 Machines per annum; and they beg to assure the Public at all times of the best that Mechanical Skill and Genius can produce.
Reduced Price Lists Gratis and Post Free.
☞ Easy terms of payment arranged, when not convenient to pay full amount.
131, MARKET STREET,
Sole and exclusive Depot for MANCHESTER.

FURS.
REAL SABLE MUFFS, ONE GUINEA.
REAL SABLE COLLARS, ONE GUINEA.
RUSSIAN FUR SEAL JACKETS, SIX GUINEAS.
KENDAL MILNE & CO., have ready the LARGEST, CHEAPEST and BEST-ASSORTED STOCK of FURS they have ever submitted.
A Large Assortment of Fashionable FUR TRIMMINGS in Sets, for Mantles and Jackets.
FUR CARRIAGE RUGS, IN GREAT VARIETY.
DEANSGATE, POLICE-STREET, and ST. ANN'S ST.

DOWNS' CUT GLASS and CHINA
WAREHOUSE, 13 & 15, SMITHY DOOR,
AND VICTORIA MARKET.
We are Now Submitting our CHRISTMAS STOCK of DINNER, DESSERT, TEA, AND TOILET SERVICES.
The most Modern Shapes and Newest Patterns.
CUT GLASS DECANTERS, WINES, &c.,
In Elegant Design and in Every Variety, for all Purchasers.
To Parties Furnishing, this Large Stock is admirably suited to Select from, combining Lowest Prices and Superior Quality.
DOWNS, 13 & 15, SMITHY DOOR.

HYDE & SHELDRICK, { SPECIALITIES IN OVERCOATS 20s. to 40s. } 72, OLDHAM STREET, Manchester.

EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES.

STRENGTHENS AND IMPARTS A GLOSS TO THE HAIR,
(Without the use of Pomades or Oil)

REMOVES SCURF AND PREVENTS BALDNESS;
Even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless. Sold in Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each, by Chemists.

WILLIAM MATHER,
14, BATH STREET, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.;
19, HANGING DITCH, MANCHESTER.
109, CHESTER ROAD, HULME, MANCHESTER.
MANUFACTORY:—TRENTHAM STREET, HULME, MANCHESTER.

ORDER JOHN HEYWOOD'S EDITION.

We do not remember to have seen such a Shilling's worth. It is a perfect prodigy of information.—*London Guardian.*
One of the most remarkable productions of the age.—*British Workman.*

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON NOVEMBER 24TH,
Crown Octavo,
PRICE, ONE SHILLING,
JOHN HEYWOOD'S EDITION
OF
WHITAKER'S ALMANACK
FOR 1871,
Containing a vast amount of Useful and Valuable Information, Including
The Calendar; Astronomical and other Phenomena;
Guide to the Peerage and the Parliament;
Trade, Revenue, and Finance of England and all other Countries;
The Various States and Countries of the World; Scientific Inventions, Discoveries, and Novelties; Parliamentary History; Obituary; Remarbable Occurrences;
AND A
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT FOR LANCASHIRE,
CONTAINING
Law Officers, County Courts, &c., in Lancashire; The Diocese of Manchester;
Members of Parliament for Lancashire;
Colleges and Public Schools of the County; Town Councils, Local Boards, &c.;
List of Fairs in Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire.
The whole forming the Best, Most Complete, Most Useful, and Cheapest Almanack ever Published.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 141 AND 143, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON LIFE INSURANCE.

(From "Ab-o'-th'-Yate's Life Policy.")

(Continued from our last.)

If theau does they'n think theau'rt owd-so'derin' a bit. Give 'em some good Lanky, as theau knows heaw; an' by o means dunno' let 'em catch thee asleep. Keep thy weather e'e oppen, an' thy fist ready for th' grand tussle. Neaw then—in wi' thee!"

Ab, in obedience to his friend's injunctions, entered the office, and, on announcing his business, was shown into the presence of the secretary, who was engaged in the examination of a heap of filled up forms, sent in by applicants for policies. The secretary, evidently thinking he had a queer fish before him, smiled, and motioned the applicant to a seat, which Ab took with a sort of qualified reserve, occasioned by a doubt as to whether the size and furnishings of the room were such as to render it a fit place for fighting in. Sam Smithies remained behind, and was already engaged in conversation with an old gentleman in an outer office.

"Well," observed the secretary, making an entry on a paper before him,—"come to insure, I suppose."

"I reckon that's my bizness," Ab replied.

"What name, sir?"

"Abraham Fletcher,"

"A-bra-ham Fletcher," and the secretary wrote.

"That's my gradely name," said Ab, giving his hat a brush with his sleeve, "but I'm mooastly coed Ab-o'-th'-Yate."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the other, throwing himself back in his chair, and giving Ab a look of mingled delight and curiosity. "Are you, then, the hero of certain adventures in London that I've read about!"

"I believe I'm th' same chap," replied Ab, very modestly; "but I didno' ate a bootjack, nowther. It wur th' pop ut made me imagine that."

"Well, I'm most happy to make your acquaintance," said the other, rising, and extending his hand, which Ab seized and shook, taking the opportunity which the movement afforded him of measuring the fighting capacities of his supposed antagonist. "Well, now, let me see,—you live at—a——"

"Walmsley Fowt, Hazlewo'th, near Manchester, Lankishur, England," responded Ab, reading the superscription of a letter he had received from a friend in America.

"Your age?"

"Well, I'm hardly sartin abeaut that. When I wur wed to my wife, we coed eaursel's th' same age; but neaw hoo says ther's a year or two of difference on *her* side. Or else I co myself fifty next Whissun Friday."

"Where you born on Whit Friday?"

"Of o other days."

"Oh" said the secretary, laughing, "we shall require you to produce a copy of the registry of your birth, or certificate of baptism. Can you do that?"

"Well, I reckon I'se belike."

"For what sum do you wish to insure?"

"A hundert peaund."

"Your own life only?"

"Well, as it's bin ordert at eaur heause ut I mun to dee th' fust, I dunno' see ut it's any use insurin' th' tother lot."

"Why not insure your wife?"

"Could it be done for the same brass?"

"Of course not."

"Heaw mich shall I ha' to pay for mysel'"

"Four pounds eighteen shillings per year."

"That suttles it then. I ha' no' brass enough for booath."

"You are not required to pay it now; but after every inquiry has been answered to our satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

MILLINERY, BONNETS, AND HATS;
also
REAL SEALSKIN, SILK VELVET,
and
CLOTH JACKETS, OF NEW DESIGN
at
RICHARD BATEMAN'S,
18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, & DALE STREET.

It is respectfully announced that the principal display of WINTER FASHIONS at this establishment is NOW TAKING PLACE.

We have a Magnificent Stock of MILLINERY BONNETS in the highest styles of elegance.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS
In Velvet, Felt, Seal Fur, and Straws, Tastefully Trimmed.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FEATHERS, FLOWERS, AND HEAD-DRESSES.

The Department for ROBES, COSTUMES, &c (under new Management), is largely supplied with Foreign and British Made-up Dresses, in all the Fashionable Fabrics.

AND IN OUR MANTLE SHOWROOMS,
An Extensive Collection of
FRENCH AND GERMAN CLOTH JACKETS,
In the new colours.
Very Handsome BLACK CLOTH JACKETS.
WATERPROOF CLOAKS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
In every size and colour.
SILK VELVET JACKETS, from 2 to 15 Guineas.
REAL SEALSKIN, ASTRACAN, AND OTHER FUR JACKETS.
THE SHAWL MANTELET,
A recent introduction.
SCOTTISH AND YORKSHIRE WOOL SHAWLS,
from 8s. 11d. to 2 guineas in new patterns.
FOREIGN AND BRITISH COLOURED AND BLACK SILKS,
of good value.
CHOICE COLOURS IN SATINLAINE CLOTHS,
of which we have several very cheap lots of foreign manufacture; also,
REPS, SERGE, FRENCH MERINOES,
and other
DRESS MATERIALS.
REAL RUSSIAN SABLE, ERMINE,
and
GREBE MUFFS AND COLLARETTES.

Ermine and Grebe considerably cheaper than last year.
NEW STOCKS IN EACH DEPARTMENT.

RICHARD BATEMAN,
BRITANNIA HOUSE,
18 AND 20, OLDHAM STREET AND DALE STREET.

J. & W. DYSON,
CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS,
AND COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS,
61 and 63, OLDHAM-STREET, MANCHESTER,
beg to inform the Public that their Showrooms contain the LARGEST STOCK of Home-made FURNITURE in the Provinces, comprising DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, KITCHEN, and OFFICE FURNITURE of Every Description, at Moderate Prices, and Suited to Every Class of Furnishing.

DINING-ROOM SUITES, in great variety, from £12. 12s. to £120.
DRAWING-ROOM SUITES, in great variety from £14. 10s. to £80.
BEDROOM SUITES, in great variety, from £10 to £80.
Every Requisite in Kitchen Furniture, at very low prices.
Office Writing Tables, Desks, Stools, Chairs, &c., in great variety.
Brussels, Tapestry, and Kidderminster Carpets and Rugs, at reduced prices.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSLEY STREET.
ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, 1870,
The following Company will Appear:
IMMENSE RECEPTION!
THE LAST SIX NIGHTS OF
HERR
HOLTUM,
SURNAMED
The Prussian King of the Cannon Ball
And Champion Indian Club Performer of the World.

Herr HOLTUM has recently arrived from America. In every city of North America he has created a profound sensation. His startling feats with massive cannon balls have elicited columns of praise and laudation from the leading papers of the United States and Canada. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, HERR HOLTUM at once left New York for his native land; but owing to the overflow of the German patriots, he was not required to join the army. He appeared at Renz's Cirque, Berlin, for a few nights, and not only met with unprecedented success, but was favoured by the *Officiel Journal*, with the flattering title of "Prussian King of the Cannon Ball."

ENGAGEMENT OF
BAILEY'S
PRIZE
PUNCH & JUDY,
And the Champion Dog "TOBY."

FIRST APPEARANCE OF
THE BROTHERS RAYNOR,
In their Celebrated Negro Entertainment.

Engagement of the Celebrated
SIGNOR
CASTELOTTI
The most Sensational Gymnastic Wonder of the present age, in his
GREAT AERIAL LADDER FEATS,
Never attempted by any other artiste.

ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. BARTELL,
The celebrated Blind Crimean Hero, in his great International Song:
"THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS."

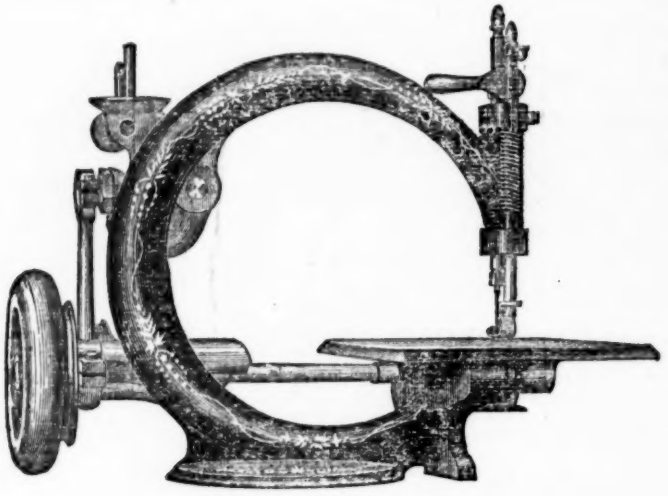
Great Applause nightly of
MR. AND MRS.
BARNEY ROBERTS!
In their Laughter-provoking Comical Irish Duologues, Duets, & Dances.
Bright Stars of the Emerald Isle, sparkling with Native Humour.

Immense Reception & Great Success of
MR. CHAS. EXLEY,
COMIC VOCALIST.

GREAT SUCCESS OF
MR. TOM WARD,
THE ECCENTRIC NEGRO.

Director of the Entertainments - - - Mr. T. Acton.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE
AND
GARDENS.
BAND
Every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE,
NO EXTRA CHARGE.



THE PRICE OF THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS'

SILENT

SEWING MACHINE

HAS BEEN

REDUCED TO

£6. 6s.

16, CROSS ST., MANCHESTER.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families Supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a. HIGH STREET, and 13, CHURCH STREET.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

ROMNEY THE PAINTER.

FOR the most part the mention of Lancashire suggests to the stranger a region of dismal uniformity, devoid of natural beauty, and shrouded in perpetual smoke. The district of Furness, however, teems with wild grandeur and romantic loveliness; and this Calabria of England, as it has been called, very appropriately, gave birth to George Romney, whom Flaxman pronounced to be in poetic dignity of conception the greatest of all British painters.

He was born on the 15th of December, 1734, and was thus some ten years younger than Sir Joshua Reynolds, of whom, as a portrait-painter, he became the successful rival. His birth-place was Beckside, near Dalton, the ancient capital of Furness, and his father combined the trades of carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker with a success that rendered him, for his sphere of life, a comparatively wealthy man. After the fashion of the district, the eldest son received a superior education, to fit him for a professsion; but George displaying no great aptitude for learning, and a considerable turn for mechanics, was withdrawn from school in his eleventh year, and placed in his father's workshop. A genius above the ordinary operations of his handicraft soon displayed itself in the lad. He carved figures in wood, and constructed violins, on which a neighbour taught him to play. Born a painter, he drew his fellow-workmen in various attitudes, and his artistic tendencies were strengthened and developed by the early possession of an illustrated copy of Leonard's du Vinci's treatise on painting. The universe was his drawing academy, and the instinct implanted in him by his Maker kept him at work, in the absence of external incitement and rewards. "When Romney," says Flaxman, "first began to paint, he had seen no gallery of pictures, nor the fine productions of ancient sculpture; but then women and children were his statues, and all objects under the cope of heaven formed his school of painting. The rainbow, the purple distance, or the silver lake taught him colouring; the various actions and passions of the human figure, with the forms of clouds, woods and mountains, or valleys, afforded him studies of composition. Indeed, his genius bore a strong resemblance to the scenes he was born in: like them it partook of the grand and beautiful; and, like them, also, the bright sunshine and enchanting prospect of his fancy were occasionally overspread with mist and gloom." The persons by whom he was surrounded were the ordinary inhabitants of an English village, but the scenery which met his eyes, from the time when they were first opened, was singularly and variedly picturesque. His father's house stood on a sort of terrace facing the west, and commanding an extensive view of the Irish Sea. From the hill behind, a noble panorama was unfolded. Northward, was the estuary of the Duddon (afterwards Wordsworth's Duddon), which, with every tide, showed like a fine lake, and was studded with sails. Eastward, was the background of mountains which are the pride and glory of Furness. Few painters have grown up in a district more fitted to create and foster a love for the beautiful and sublime in Nature.

Many a deal board in the paternal work-shop had been covered with likenesses of its occupants by Romney's youthful hand, when a portrait-sketch which he made of a lady of some position attracted the attention, and procured him the encouragement of, a superior in rank. His father was now induced to allow his son to follow painting as a profession, and an opening was not far to seek. There was then at Kendal a wild, dissipated, hair-brained, but clever artist of the name of Steele, whose finery and airy pretentiousness of demeanour had led the Westmorland people to dub him Count Steele. The Count wanted a pupil, young Romney a master; and at nineteen he was indentured to this worthy for four years, on payment of a premium of twenty pounds, to learn "the art or science of painting, and to obey all lawful and reasonable comands." From the Count, Romney chiefly derived some proficiency in the art of colour-grinding, and out of the domain of art nothing that was good. By and by, the teacher eloped to Gretna with an heiress; and smitten by the attractions of a respectable young woman in Kendal, Romney married off-hand Miss Jenny Abbott, of Kirkland. The match was naturally disapproved of by his parents, and with it all chance of aid from his father seems to have ceased. Romney was soon thrown upon his own resources. The Count resolved to go with his bride to Ireland, and when his apprentice declined to follow him thither he accepted ten pounds in lieu of further service, and the indentures were cancelled. Meanwhile Romney had been working hard, and forming a style of his own. He started, accordingly, as a portrait painter, seemingly alternating between Lancashire and Kendal, and receiving a very fair amount of patronage, especially from the Westmorland squires. He cultivated at the same time original composition, and exhibited a collection of his paintings in the Town Hall of Kendal (the subjects of two of them were from *King Lear*), and afterwards disposed of them by a raffle, for which eighty tickets were taken at half-a-guinea apiece. As his reputation increased, his thoughts turned London-wards, and after a few years of hard work, painting portraits in the North, he had scraped together a hundred pounds. Leaving seventy of them to his wife, he started for London with the remainder, and without a single letter of introduction.

According to his son, it was with Mrs. Romney's full consent to the arrangement that her husband set forth alone to the great metropolis. But, in any case, it is certain that after his arrival in London he passed himself off as an unmarried man, and never acknowledged that he had left behind him, at Kendal, a faithful and affectionate wife, the mother of his children. An error committed in the beginning of his London career might be excused, but it was unpardonable in him to continue it when he rose to fame and fortune; and he displayed disgraceful moral cowardice in not avowing to his friends and to the world, a connection of which he had no other reason to be ashamed than that he had once concealed it. Hayley, his friend and biographer, the friend and biographer, too, of Cowper, ascribes Romney's reticence and deception to "an exquisite sensibillty." Romney was undoubtedly sensitive, and he was also wayward, moody, suspicious of his friends, morbidly apprehensive of poverty, but his conduct to his wife was simply inexcusable. His "exquisite seasibility" too much resembled that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, with whom Hayley was fond of comparing him intellectually, and who huddled his infant offspring away among the *Enfants Trouvés* rather than be burdened with their upbringing. Romney, however, was well punished for his misconduct, and much of his unhappiness may be traced to the folly and wickedness with which he deliberately and persistently deprived his wife of a husband, and himself of a home.

Meanwhile his rise was rapid. He began in London at a time when there was a strong disposition to encourage native art, when Hogarth had secured fame, and Wilson and Gainsborough were appreciated, and Reynolds was reaping a golden harvest as a portrait painter. The Royal Academy did not exist, but the Society of Arts was then fulfilling the promise of its name, and giving considerable encouragement to young painters, sculptors, and architects. Its second prize of fifty guineas was awarded to Romney in 1763, for his "Death of Wolfe;" and though the award was afterwards cancelled, his name had become known. On arriving in London, he had pitched his tent near the Mansion House. Presently he migrated to Charing Cross, and raised his price for a portrait to five guineas. A little later he removed to Great Newport Street, a few doors from Sir Joshua himself. He ran over to Paris, and much improved his style by an inspection of the Rubens in the Luxemburg Gallery. His imaginative pictures had attracted attention enough to stimulate his friend Cumberland, the dramatist, to bepraise him in rhyme. When at the age of thirty-nine, with an income of twelve hundred a year, he paid the indispensable visit to Italy. He brought back with him new knowledge of his art, and a passionate admiration of "the Corregiosity of Corregio." Soon after his return he took a house in Cavendish Square, since tenanted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, and sitters flocked to him in the belief that successful as he had been before, his skill as a portrait painter was vastly enhanced by his Italian tour. Sir Joshua himself was doomed to see the favour of the town

shared with him by Romney, and to hear that Lord Thurlow had said—"There are two factions in art, and I am of the Romney faction." To the flattering strains of Cumberland were added those of the fantastic Hayley, whose influence on Romney seems to have been decidedly injurious, though we owe to their friendship the noticeable portrait of Cowper, rewarded by a graceful sonnet from the author of *The Task*. In 1785, Romney's earnings, by portrait painting alone, amounted for a single year, to a sum nearer four than three thousand pounds.

In the meantime, Romney was constantly projecting, and partly executing works in a higher department of art than what he called "this cursed portrait-painting." His affluence of conception was boundless, and his desire to be a great painter, not merely of portraits, was intense, but he lacked perseverance and concentration, and rarely completed what he had begun. Melancholy, too, had marked him for her own, and he suffered much from hypochondria. His "exquisite sensibility" indulged itself in raptures over the innocence and grace of other people's children, and in a sentimental worship of the lovely but shameless woman, who afterwards became famous and infamous as Nelson's Lady Hamilton, and whom Romney painted in every possible attitude, and under every possible form. Far away, in Kendal, were his own wife and children, unacknowledged and neglected, who could have brought light and cheerfulness into the house in Cavendish Square, where the painter moaned and groaned over the state of his nerves, and could find no enjoyment in his wealth and fame. At last he fancied that matters might be mended if he fixed himself in the pure air of Hampstead. He built himself a mansion there with a studio and gallery, and before the walls were dry rushed from the house in Cavendish Square, which he had occupied for one-and-twenty years. He fondly fancied that in the heights, which looked down on London over a sloping expanse of green and pleasant meadow-land, not, as now, annexed by the great Babylon, he would be enabled to execute the splendid pictorial projects of which his brain was full. Alas, both mind and body were giving way, and in his sorrow over broken health and faltering hand, he bethought him of the wife of his youth. Without confiding his intention to any one, in the summer of 1779, he took the coach for the North, and after a desertion of nearly thirty-seven years, rejoined, a broken-down old man of sixty-five, the wife, whom, at eight-and-twenty, full of hope and strength, he had left behind in the Kendal where once more he sought her. With even greater than a woman's tenderness and capacity for forgiveness, she pardoned, welcomed, and nursed him. Feeble as he was in mind and in body, he understood the happiness within his reach, bought a house where he was, and ordered the sale of the Hampstead mansion.

At last he had a home. In his letters to Hayley he spoke of the attentions of his wife with affectionate gratitude. He was failing fast when one of his brothers, who had risen to be a colonel in the East India Company's army, returned to England and hastened to Kendal. Romney had looked forward with pleasure to his brother's expected arrival, but his mind was setting even faster than his life. "Brother," said the soldier, "do you not know me?" Romney gazed at him, wept bitterly, and murmured some barely intelligible recognition, the last effort of his waning intellect. After a period of bodily torpor and mental imbecility, he died on the 15th of November, 1802, and was buried, where he had been born, at Dalton. In person he was tall and strongly made; his head was massive; his countenance manly in its expression; he was dark-complexioned; and his eyes were large and penetrating. In spite of his strange conduct to his wife, he seems to have been in the main of a kindly and generous disposition. Though he never belonged to, or exhibited in the Academy, and does not appear to have associated much with his fellow-artists, yet he was always ready to encourage and aid struggling merit, and was among the first to recognize the genius of Flaxman, and to procure for it the recognition of others.

Romney's reputation has sunk considerably since his own days, and Mr. Redgrave's pithy criticism on him is that "Whatever he did, Reynolds did better." Yet the author of *A Century of Painters*, admits that "there is a pleasing breadth, almost amounting to grandeur, in some of his works." A less recent, but, perhaps, more impartial, because an unprofessional art critic, the late Allan Cunningham says of him,—"In his portraits, Romney missed certainly the grace and ease, and the fine flush of colouring which have brought lasting fame to Reynolds. There appears, however, traces of great dignity and manliness in all his heads, and in some a certain touch of poetic loftiness of which Reynolds has hardly furnished an example." Respecting Romney's ideal and historical pieces, "honest Allan" opines that "some of them are equal in loftiness of thought and in simplicity of conception to any productions of their class in the British school." Mention has been already made of the verdict pronounced by the illustrious Flaxman on our "Lancashire Painter."

BROUGHTON LYRICS.

DEDICATED TO THE BROUGHTON CRICKET CLUB.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

[Sung by Sir Henry Bumper, in the Broughton School for Scandal.]

Here's to the club, full of projects so grand,
Now to the management thrifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant "band"
With wind and with weather so drifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to each lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the President, hearty and strong,
Of losses and loans may he nude be;
Here's to the Treasurer, may he live long,
If he's not a Q.C., then he should be.

Here's to the Vice, with brains under his hat,
And now to the Sec. that is shifty;
Here's to the steady, reliable Bat
Who is good for his forty or fifty.

Here's to the fogies who bowl on the green,
Now to the maidens who watch 'em;
Here's to the "table" that should not have been,
And as for new members, let's catch 'em.

Here's to the matches so seldom played out;
Now to the damsels so bonny;
Here's to the "matches," that are brought about,
And wind up with blithe matri—mony.

Here's to the "cuts," and the "drives," and the thumps,
Now to the keepers of wicket;
As for refreshments, if you're in the dumps,
You'll find Mrs. George is the ticket.

Here's to the neighbours who tip up their "sovs,"
The dowagers, too, let us toast 'em;
Here's to the young and the innocent doves,
But as for the critics—let's roast 'em.
Let the toast pass, drink to each lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

EPITAPH

ON THE D. O. B. C. C.

Delusion sore long time she bore,
All brass bands were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her bowlers busted,
Of billiards on the brain.
Her ends were pieced up!

TO AN EX-SECRETARY.

ROD* ANDERSON MY ROE.†

Rod Anderson, my roe, Rod,
When we were first acquent,
On cricket you were ravin',
On batting you were bent;
But now your stumps are down, Rod,
To billiards you maun go,
But blessings on your broken bat,
Rod Anderson, my roe!

Rod Anderson, my roe, Rod,
We chased the ball thegither,
And mony a canty day, Rod,
We've had wi' ane anither;
But now they've run us out, Rod,
So hand in hand we'll go,
And quickly lose our "lives" at "pool,"
Rod Anderson, my roe!

* Roderick Dhu, a well known cricketer. † A fleet animal.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S WINTER EXHIBITION.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S winter collection of pictures has an interest for artists and critics quite different from that excited by open and general exhibitions; for being almost entirely composed of pictures bought by these eminent dealers, it is certain that they are, in their opinion, suitable to their customers, and we can therefore gain from them some idea of the taste and art education of that very large portion of the public who furnish their rooms and galleries by the aid of such dealers as the Messrs. Agnew. It is impossible to suppose that these gentlemen can exercise any very great power for good or evil on those with whom they do business, because the time that would be required to persuade anyone ignorant in art to buy something he could not understand and did not like, simply because it would be good for him, and that eventually he might be able to appreciate it properly, would be far too great for ordinary business purposes; while, on the other hand, there could be no reason why bad pictures should be forced on anyone against his will as long as reasonably good pictures are obtainable and could be sold without unnecessary trouble. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the drawings now under notice represent the taste of the public generally. Indeed to say otherwise would be to call in question the notorious understanding of their trade always and properly attributed to the Messrs. Agnew.

Viewing this Exhibition, then, as representing the art knowledge of picture-buying people, we must say that it is disappointing and disheartening, for the pictures are, as a mass, common-place and uninteresting. They are, in a large majority of cases, by men who have done good work once, but they are also examples of the result of that terrible demand which exists for one kind of picture, from one man; a demand which has done so much to ruin our painters, by insisting that an artist shall repeat himself, and forcing him to become little better than a machine, of which the wheels are of necessity weaker after each revolution. It is this kind of art patronage that has brought the Society of Painters in Water Colours to its present effete and effortless state, and to out-stand which all artists who are any way successful, have to fight with more courage and persistency than is usually understood.

This Exhibition has a sadly too large number of false, thoughtless, and, to use a strong but not unfair word, unartistic works—mere echoes of what the artists have achieved successfully in former years. That entire set of painters who have so fatally tainted the Old Water Colour Society, and made it a mere drawing-room show of pretty and dexterous water-colour paintings, is strongly represented; for such painters as Messrs. F. Tayler, Birket Foster, George Dodgson, F. Topham, E. Duncan, W. Goodall, J. J. Jenkins, and T. M. Richardson, are fairly prominent, and give a true idea of the tone of the Exhibition. Prettiness gliding into mannered feebleness, execution polished till it becomes no more than mechanism, and complete absence of invention, realism, or art, are the characteristics of these artists' works, and their influence is (with a few exceptions), more or less apparent throughout this Exhibition, even in the case of comparatively young men. However, it is pleasant to be able to say that there are pictures which are exceptions to the above remarks. Mr. G. D. Leslie's Grandmamma (212), is a very charming picture—simple, original, and delightful in its colour, design, and simplicity. On the Thames at Bray, by the same artist, is also very pleasant, in spite of a certain morbid yellowism of colour peculiar to Mr. Leslie. Mr. S. Solomon's drawing, Jacob and Rachel (298), is, unquestionably, the highest work of art in the gallery; but, considering that an essay might be written on its beauties and defects before justice could be done it, we will pass to Mr. D. G. Rossetti's two drawings, La Mandolina, a study in chalk (281) and (334), a subject from the Legend of St. George. Neither of them is as satisfactory as might be wished. There is grandeur of colour in the painting, and a strong feeling after beauty in the chalk drawing, but also a weakness of form and modelling which is inexcusable.

Mr. F. Shields's pictures tell most powerfully on the walls. The early drawing, Helping Herself (80), is well known and very delightful, and the late one, After the Storming (331), very nobly poetic. It is well these two pictures should be in one exhibition; they may teach the public whether or not Mr. Shields has been right in ch nging his style of subject and painting. Of other local painters well represented, are Messrs. W. Hull, J. Whaite, G. Sheffield, Basil Bradley, J. D. Watson, G. Hayes, H. Measham, and J. Knight, the latter being exceptionally strong as to numbers, and showing in his work this year all that power of colour and admirable simplicity of subject and charm of facile execution that we have always expected from him. If Mr. Knight would only cease to use that objectionably coarse paper, his drawings would gain immensely in refinement and would lose nothing in force.

Of course, among the three hundred and fifty drawings there is a sufficient leven of what may be called the old masters, but as they are much like what we have been used to always, and are neither better nor worse, any detailed criticism upon them would be a work of supererogation.

Commercially, the exhibition, like its predecessors, will, doubtless, prove a success: we believe, indeed, it has already done so; but artistically, we must confess that, as a whole, it is somewhat disappointing.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A LARGE new theatre has been erected in Bridge Street, Deansgate, on the site of the London Music Hall. Mr. F. B. Egan, who so long and so honestly laboured for the amusement of the people at the old Queen's Theatre, in Spring Gardens, is now, in conjunction with Mr. Walter Raynham, the lessee of this new building. It is pleasant to see an honest man prosper, and it is pleasant to see the public constant to its old favourite. On Saturday night, the new theatre was opened under very favourable auspices. It is capable of holding upwards of 3,000 people, and on the first night it was very nearly filled. The impression one receives on entering the building is an impression of vastness, of gauntness, of baldness, of novelty. The conventional but elegant horse-shoe shape has been abandoned in favour of an angular style of construction, which is said to afford everybody in the house a good view of the stage. We are glad to say that there are no stalls to form a desert waste between the pit and the stage, but that proper respect has been shown to the chief patrons of the house, by rendering the shilling pit and the sixpenny gallery nearly as comfortable, and far more capacious than the half-crown circle. It is unnecessary to describe the building in detail. Everybody who takes an interest in theatres will go to see it, and they should do so while the decorations are still fresh, and the scenery clean and new. Most people will admire the airiness of the building, but we repeat an airiness not without a certain gauntness. But as long as the pit and the gallery are filled as they were on the first night, the mass of human beings will always lend a dignified and an impressive appearance to the interior.

The Theatre was opened with the production of an entirely new and original domestic and nautical drama, by T. A. Palmer, entitled *Insured at Lloyd's*. At the outset we may say that we do not think that the same canons of severe taste and literary criticism which we attempt to apply to theatres of higher pretentions, and which appeal to educated people, ought to or can usefully be applied to a theatre like the present, which confessedly appeals to a different and generally an illiterate class. Pre-eminently a theatre like this one comes within the scope of the Bishop's words when he said that the drama was calculated to take a high place as a means of public instruction. For good

shared with him by Romney, and to hear that Lord Thurlow had said—"There are two factions in art, and I am of the Romney faction." To the flattering strains of Cumberland were added those of the fantastic Hayley, whose influence on Romney seems to have been decidedly injurious, though we owe to their friendship the noticeable portrait of Cowper, rewarded by a graceful sonnet from the author of *The Task*. In 1785, Romney's earnings, by portrait painting alone, amounted for a single year, to a sum nearer four than three thousand pounds.

In the meantime, Romney was constantly projecting, and partly executing works in a higher department of art than what he called "this cursed portrait-painting." His affluence of conception was boundless, and his desire to be a great painter, not merely of portraits, was intense, but he lacked perseverance and concentration, and rarely completed what he had begun. Melancholy, too, had marked him for her own, and he suffered much from hypochondria. His "exquisite sensibility" indulged itself in raptures over the innocence and grace of other people's children, and in a sentimental worship of the lovely but shameless woman, who afterwards became famous and infamous as Nelson's Lady Hamilton, and whom Romney painted in every possible attitude, and under every possible form. Far away, in Kendal, were his own wife and children, unacknowledged and neglected, who could have brought light and cheerfulness into the house in Cavendish Square, where the painter moaned and groaned over the state of his nerves, and could find no enjoyment in his wealth and fame. At last he fancied that matters might be mended if he fixed himself in the pure air of Hampstead. He built himself a mansion there with a studio and gallery, and before the walls were dry rushed from the house in Cavendish Square, which he had occupied for one-and-twenty years. He fondly fancied that in the heights, which looked down on London over a sloping expanse of green and pleasant meadow-land, not, as now, annexed by the great Babylon, he would be enabled to execute the splendid pictorial projects of which his brain was full. Alas, both mind and body were giving way, and in his sorrow over broken health and faltering hand, he bethought him of the wife of his youth. Without confiding his intention to any one, in the summer of 1779, he took the coach for the North, and after a desertion of nearly thirty-seven years, rejoined, a broken-down old man of sixty-five, the wife, whom, at eight-and-twenty, full of hope and strength, he had left behind in the Kendal where once more he sought her. With even greater than a woman's tenderness and capacity for forgiveness, she pardoned, welcomed, and nursed him. Feeble as he was in mind and in body, he understood the happiness within his reach, bought a house where he was, and ordered the sale of the Hampstead mansion.

At last he had a home. In his letters to Hayley he spoke of the attentions of his wife with affectionate gratitude. He was failing fast when one of his brothers, who had risen to be a colonel in the East India Company's army, returned to England and hastened to Kendal. Romney had looked forward with pleasure to his brother's expected arrival, but his mind was setting even faster than his life. "Brother," said the soldier, "do you not know me?" Romney gazed at him, wept bitterly, and murmured some barely intelligible recognition, the last effort of his waning intellect. After a period of bodily torpor and mental imbecility, he died on the 15th of November, 1802, and was buried, where he had been born, at Dalton. In person he was tall and strongly made; his head was massive; his countenance manly in its expression; he was dark-complexioned; and his eyes were large and penetrating. In spite of his strange conduct to his wife, he seems to have been in the main of a kindly and generous disposition. Though he never belonged to, or exhibited in the Academy, and does not appear to have associated much with his fellow-artists, yet he was always ready to encourage and aid struggling merit, and was among the first to recognize the genius of Flaxman, and to procure for it the recognition of others.

Romney's reputation has sunk considerably since his own days, and Mr. Redgrave's pithy criticism on him is that "Whatever he did, Reynolds did better." Yet the author of *A Century of Painters*, admits that "there is a pleasing breadth, almost amounting to grandeur, in some of his works." A less recent, but, perhaps, more impartial, because an unprofessional art critic, the late Allan Cunningham says of him,—"In his portraits, Romney missed certainly the grace and ease, and the fine flash of colouring which have brought lasting fame to Reynolds. There appears, however, traces of great dignity and manliness in all his heads, and in some a certain touch of poetic loftiness of which Reynolds has hardly furnished an example." Respecting Romney's ideal and historical pieces, "honest Allan" opines that "some of them are equal in loftiness of thought and in simplicity of conception to any productions of their class in the British school." Mention has been already made of the verdict pronounced by the illustrious Flaxman on our "Lancashire Painter."

BROUGHTON LYRICS.

DEDICATED TO THE BROUGHTON CRICKET CLUB.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

[Sung by Sir Henry Bumper, in the Broughton School for Scandal.]

Here's to the club, full of projects so grand,
Now to the management thrifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant "band"
With wind and with weather so drifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to each lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the President, hearty and strong,
Of losses and loans may he nude be;
Here's to the Treasurer, may he live long,
If he's not a Q.C., then he should be.

Here's to the Vice, with brains under his hat,
And now to the Sec. that is shifty;
Here's to the steady, reliable Bat
Who is good for his forty or fifty.

Here's to the fogies who bowl on the green,
Now to the maidens who watch 'em;
Here's to the "table" that should not have been,
And as for new members, let's catch 'em.

Here's to the matches so seldom played out;
Now to the damsels so bonny;
Here's to the "matches," that are brought about,
And wind up with blithe matri—mony.

Here's to the "cuts," and the "drives," and the thumps,
Now to the keepers of wicket;
As for refreshments, if you're in the dumps,
You'll find Mrs. George is the ticket.

Here's to the neighbours who tip up their "sovs,"
The dowagers, too, let us toast 'em;
Here's to the young and the innocent doves,
But as for the critics—let's roast 'em.
Let the toast pass, drink to each lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

EPITAPH

ON THE D. O. B. C. C.

Delusion sore long time she bore,
All brass bands were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her bowlers busted,
Of billiards on the brain.
Her ends were pieced up!

TO AN EX-SECRETARY.

ROD* ANDERSON MY ROE.†

Rod Anderson, my roe, Rod,
When we were first acquent,
On cricket you were ravin',
On batting you were bent;
But now your stumps are down, Rod,
To billiards you maun go,
But blessings on your broken bat,
Rod Anderson, my roe!

Rod Anderson, my roe, Rod,
We chased the ball thegither,
And mony a canty day, Rod,
We've had wi' ane anither;
But now they've run us out, Rod,
So hand in hand we'll go,
And quickly lose our "lives" at "pool,"
Rod Anderson, my roe!

* Roderick Dhu, a well known cricketer. † A fleet animal.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S WINTER EXHIBITION.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S winter collection of pictures has an interest for artists and critics quite different from that excited by open and general exhibitions; for being almost entirely composed of pictures bought by these eminent dealers, it is certain that they are, in their opinion, suitable to their customers, and we can therefore gain from them some idea of the taste and art education of that very large portion of the public who furnish their rooms and galleries by the aid of such dealers as the Messrs. Agnew. It is impossible to suppose that these gentlemen can exercise any very great power for good or evil on those with whom they do business, because the time that would be required to persuade anyone ignorant in art to buy something he could not understand and did not like, simply because it would be good for him, and that eventually he might be able to appreciate it properly, would be far too great for ordinary business purposes; while, on the other hand, there could be no reason why bad pictures should be forced on anyone against his will as long as reasonably good pictures are obtainable and could be sold without unnecessary trouble. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the drawings now under notice represent the taste of the public generally. Indeed to say otherwise would be to call in question the notorious understanding of their trade always and properly attributed to the Messrs. Agnew.

Viewing this Exhibition, then, as representing the art knowledge of picture-buying people, we must say that it is disappointing and disheartening, for the pictures are, as a mass, common-place and uninteresting. They are, in a large majority of cases, by men who have done good work once, but they are also examples of the result of that terrible demand which exists for one kind of picture, from one man; a demand which has done so much to ruin our painters, by insisting that an artist shall repeat himself, and forcing him to become little better than a machine, of which the wheels are of necessity weaker after each revolution. It is this kind of art patronage that has brought the Society of Painters in Water Colours to its present effete and effortless state, and to out-stand which all artists who are any way successful, have to fight with more courage and persistency than is usually understood.

This Exhibition has a sadly too large number of false, thoughtless, and, to use a strong but not unfair word, unartistic works—mere echoes of what the artists have achieved successfully in former years. That entire set of painters who have so fatally tainted the Old Water Colour Society, and made it a mere drawing-room show of pretty and dexterous water-colour paintings, is strongly represented; for such painters as Messrs. F. Tayler, Birket Foster, George Dodgson, F. Topham, E. Duncan, W. Goodall, J. J. Jenkins, and T. M. Richardson, are fairly prominent, and give a true idea of the tone of the Exhibition. Prettiness gliding into mannered feebleness, execution polished till it becomes no more than mechanism, and complete absence of invention, realism, or art, are the characteristics of these artists' works, and their influence is (with a few exceptions), more or less apparent throughout this Exhibition, even in the case of comparatively young men. However, it is pleasant to be able to say that there are pictures which are exceptions to the above remarks. Mr. G. D. Leslie's Grandmamma (212), is a very charming picture—simple, original, and delightful in its colour, design, and simplicity. On the Thames at Bray, by the same artist, is also very pleasant, in spite of a certain morbid yellowism of colour peculiar to Mr. Leslie. Mr. S. Solomon's drawing, Jacob and Rachel (298), is, unquestionably, the highest work of art in the gallery; but, considering that an essay might be written on its beauties and defects before justice could be done it, we will pass to Mr. D. G. Rossetti's two drawings, La Mandolina, a study in chalk (281) and (334), a subject from the Legend of St. George. Neither of them is as satisfactory as might be wished. There is grandeur of colour in the painting, and a strong feeling after beauty in the chalk drawing, but also a weakness of form and modelling which is inexcusable.

Mr. F. Shields's pictures tell most powerfully on the walls. The early drawing, Helping Herself (80), is well known and very delightful, and the late one, After the Storming (331), very nobly poetic. It is well these two pictures should be in one exhibition; they may teach the public whether or not Mr. Shields has been right in ch nging his style of subject and painting. Of other local painters well represented, are Messrs. W. Hull, J. Whaite, G. Sheffield, Basil Bradley, J. D. Watson, G. Hayes, H. Measham, and J. Knight, the latter being exceptionally strong as to numbers, and showing in his work this year all that power of colour and admirable simplicity of subject and charm of facile execution that we have always expected from him. If Mr. Knight would only cease to use that objectionably coarse paper, his drawings would gain immensely in refinement and would lose nothing in force.

Of course, among the three hundred and fifty drawings there is a sufficient leven of what may be called the old masters, but as they are much like what we have been used to always, and are neither better nor worse, any detailed criticism upon them would be a work of supererogation.

Commercially, the exhibition, like its predecessors, will, doubtless, prove a success: we believe, indeed, it has already done so; but artistically, we must confess that, as a whole, it is somewhat disappointing.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A LARGE new theatre has been erected in Bridge Street, Deansgate, on the site of the London Music Hall. Mr. F. B. Egan, who so long and so honestly laboured for the amusement of the people at the old Queen's Theatre, in Spring Gardens, is now, in conjunction with Mr. Walter Raynham, the lessee of this new building. It is pleasant to see an honest man prosper, and it is pleasant to see the public constant to its old favourite. On Saturday night, the new theatre was opened under very favourable auspices. It is capable of holding upwards of 3,000 people, and on the first night it was very nearly filled. The impression one receives on entering the building is an impression of vastness, of gauntness, of baldness, of novelty. The conventional but elegant horse-shoe shape has been abandoned in favour of an angular style of construction, which is said to afford everybody in the house a good view of the stage. We are glad to say that there are no stalls to form a desert waste between the pit and the stage, but that proper respect has been shown to the chief patrons of the house, by rendering the shilling pit and the sixpenny gallery nearly as comfortable, and far more capacious than the half-crown circle. It is unnecessary to describe the building in detail. Everybody who takes an interest in theatres will go to see it, and they should do so while the decorations are still fresh, and the scenery clean and new. Most people will admire the airiness of the building, but we repeat an airiness not without a certain gauntness. But as long as the pit and the gallery are filled as they were on the first night, the mass of human beings will always lend a dignified and an impressive appearance to the interior.

The Theatre was opened with the production of an entirely new and original domestic and nautical drama, by T. A. Palmer, entitled *Insured at Lloyd's*. At the outset we may say that we do not think that the same canons of severe taste and literary criticism which we attempt to apply to theatres of higher pretentions, and which appeal to educated people, ought to or can usefully be applied to a theatre like the present, which confessedly appeals to a different and generally an illiterate class. Pre-eminently a theatre like this one comes within the scope of the Bishop's words when he said that the drama was calculated to take a high place as a means of public instruction. For good

or for evil the influence in the hands of the managers is incalculably great. Acts of Parliament have recognized this influence especially over the young, by prohibiting the performance of certain plays not directly, but indirectly, immoral. If one reflects, one finds that in reality the stage is the only pulpit from which thousands of ignorant boys and men are accessible. They never go to church, and if they did go they could not understand the subjective teaching and the elegant morality of well-to-do wickedness. What is the use of telling urchins who habitually steal and cheat to have faith in a weird theology, or enjoining men who beat their wives not to speak ill of people behind their backs. Just as in the south of the world these untrained people want their Iliads and their Æneids, and not dainty Newman's Apologias or Essays and Reviews. The music and the gas and the tumult of the theatre, and not the decorum of the church are needed in the first place to attract them and to gain their attention. Once in the theatre the action of the play, the triumphs and the reverses of the heroes and heroines, move them very much more than they do educated people with their trained attention and their habits of thought rather than of sentiment. There is nothing so genuinely sentimental as a densely ignorant mob and their generous, though undiscriminating, instincts are much quicker than those of better people. A number of stories are told in illustration of this enviable self-forgetfulness of uncultivated people, and notably one of a sailor who was so much grieved when the poor but virtuous heroine of the play had an execution put in her miserable garret, that he offered on the spot to pay the bailiffs out, and was very indignant when the hard-hearted manager would not let him do so, but insisted upon the play proceeding and the law taking its course. We remember seeing Phelps play Iago so well that two stout but honorable women who sat in front of us in the pit fairly cried with impotent anger, and rivalled each other in saying what they would like to do to the scoundrel.

When we see so much imagination so powerfully influenced by mimic life, we must recognise the instrument in the hands of the managers of theatres like the New Queen's, and we must earnestly endeavour to make them instruments of the greatest possible good. The law can only interfere with the representation of plays which are distinctly and directly injurious, in which the heroes are highwaymen, brave, generous, splendid fellows, and in which the villains of the piece are miserable officers of justice in the execution of their duty. The highwayman defies and gammons the officers of justice, amidst the delight and admiration of boys who are only pickpockets as yet, or vagabonds in a very humble way, and who regard Jack Sheppard with the enthusiastic devotion and awe with which a raw recruit may be supposed to regard his general. Finally, the highwayman, brave and splendid to the last, is brought to bay because his noble mare breaks down, and he is then only captured after shooting a few divisions of police, who are in the end too many for him. He is then put into handcuffs and presented to the audience in the cnaractet of a hunted down lion, by far the noblest beast of the lot, but unfortunate towards the end. Who can refuse to feel a pang at fallen splendour, and a kind of remorse at witnessing the humiliation of such a hero. Our very admiration almost tempts us to imitate him; our devotion tempts us to incur the same dangers in order to revenge him. We believe that statisticians trace a distinct decline in juvenile delinquency to the interference of the law in plays like these. But the law can only prevent bad plays, it cannot ensure good ones, and between these two extremes lie those pieces which may be perfectly innocuous, but which are, nevertheless, usurping the stage and excluding plays which might do a vast dea of good. To be simply, quietly good will not serve the purpose, either in a play or in a preacher. They must combine with their goodness a decision of character to send their goodness home to other people. We do not hesitate to say, that of modern plays, the *Colleen Bawn* and *Peep o' Day*, in spite of the purely literary or artistic objections to them, are eminently good in their influence and calculated to educate the masses. The powerful situations, the broad fun, the unartistic exaggeration, the conflicting passions and interests, put on with coarse but powerful strokes, and the delightful and unerring distribution of rewards and punishments at the end, like the breaking-up day at a boy's school, are the very thing wanted to teach the people. Mr. Boucicault's art is the daring art of a child's picture book; but in the matter of artistic perception, rude men and women remain children all their lives, and so we must make them read with pictorial alphabets and broad scenic effects.

If the new theatre had presented a piece like this, correct in its tendency, and powerful, irresistible, as coarse as you like, but coarse in the right direction like a child's picture-book, then it would have been our pleasant duty to present to Messrs. Egan and Raynham our unqualified thanks. As it is, we can only wish them better fortune in their next production, as the present one, though perfectly sound, and free from vices, is without character, without broad, bold touches such as leave their mark upon the imagination of the spectators. It is a drama which is absolutely devoid of anything dramatic; it is absolutely devoid of any literary value; it is the patchwork of an unoriginal mind; it is a very mild selection from all the plays of its kind that one has ever seen. It would be very easy, of course, to make fun of this drama; to hear the dialogue with fastidious ears, and to watch the action with unsympathetic eyes. But it is with earnestness and a great hope that we went to this Queen's Theatre on Saturday night—this pulpit of the people—and we should feel that there was a kind of impertinence in ridiculing what may be an honest endeavour to amuse and educate the people. It is easy to make fun of anything, if you like to ignore certain conditions. If you choose to ignore the unawakened æstheticism and the superior earnestness of poor people, you may find all kinds of fun in objects which to them are beautiful and interesting. If you choose to ignore the fanaticism and the ignorance, you may possibly find a great deal of profanity at a Revival Band meeting. In the same way, if a working man were to go to a fashionable ball, and ignore the vanity and competition, the greed for admiration, and the pure young girls out-bidding each other for the satiated looks of the men — why, he might positively think, though it seems too absurd, he might positively think that he saw a good deal of enjoyment and good-humour there. So we repeat that it would be easy to describe the play entitled *Insured at Lloyd's*, and to make a great deal of fun out of that which, in a great degree, interested the people in the pit and in the gallery. But to do so would not serve our purpose, which is to encourage Messrs. Egan and Raynham in their really noble mission, if they like to make it so, and to point out what is their interest as well as ours (who desire to educate the people), namely, to produce plays more useful, more earnest, more coherent, more powerful than *Insured at Lloyd's*.

We shall watch with deep interest the succession of pieces at the New Queen's Theatre. We shall do all that is in our power to maintain its importance in the eyes of the better classes, as long as it is true to itself, and when a play is produced, such as we have indicated, the writer of these lines has promised to distribute amongst the poor of his neighbourhood eight hundred gallery tickets.

A Bad Investment for French Capital.—The Siege of Paris.

The First Sweeps-take.—Soot.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

A THEATRE FOR THE MILLION.

THE lengthy correspondence inaugurated by Mr. Boucicault's manifesto as to prices of admission has been brought to a close by the announcement of the speedy opening of a first-rate theatre, where the uniform price of admission is to be two shillings. It is observable that in this correspondence not a single writer has looked at the subject from the public point of view. This is the less to be wondered at when it is seen that nearly all the writers have been either managers or authors. The objections of such managers as Mr. Bancroft, Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Montague to the scheme of Mr. Boucicault are worthless. As they say, they can fill their seats at any prices; and the system of two shilling charges is not meant to be applied to such small theatres as theirs.

MUNICIPAL ATTENDANCES.

The yearly table of attendances at the meetings and committees of the City Council has been published, as usual, after, instead of before the the elections, so that it is of no use whatever to those conscientious electors who desired to know how diligent or the contrary their respective representatives had been. As we remarked last year, when noticing the return for 1869, the deductions to be drawn from the document are only of the vaguest and most general character. Inferences must be drawn from the figures with care and diffidence. One member only, Mr. Robert Whittaker (Ardwick Ward), has never missed a meeting of any kind, and Mr. Anderton has missed two only. Still these absences have only a relative bearing. For instance, Mr. R. Whittaker was down for 105 meetings, and was present at all of them; but though Mr. Ashton (Cheetham Ward) was absent 33 times, he attended in all no fewer than 317 meetings. Mr. Ashton heads the list. Next in rotation come Aldermen King and Booth and Councillor Greenwood, who occupied the same distinguished position at the head of the list in 1869; and Alderman Willert, the oldest member of the Council, has surpassed his efforts of last year by absenting himself four times only out of two hundred and fifty-five. All the committees seem to have been fairly well-attended except the one appointed to superintend the improvement of the River Medlock, which might almost as well have had no existence. It is quite time the citizens knew something about this undertaking (which we believe is practically completed), especially as to the way the money has been spent, and the total sum expended.

A PECULIAR CYNICAL HUMOURIST.

The habit of paying fulsome compliments in public to those who do not in the least deserve them, is so common and objectionable that we cannot much sympathize with Mr. Councillor Nield in the signal discomfiture which he recently experienced at the hands of Mr. Alderman Watkin. The occasion was the passing of a vote of thanks to the Alderman for his presidency at the poll in Exchange Ward. Mr. Nield, in a moment of enthusiasm, said that Mr. Alderman Watkin was, in many respects, an ornament to the City Council. Mr. Nield, however, was not rash enough to specify in what respects. It would be interesting to know. Judging by his conduct on the occasion in point, he must be the same sort of an ornament to the council as a death's-head is to a mantelpiece. Mr. Nield said he esteemed Mr. Watkin more than he could trust himself to say at that moment. Mr. Watkin was not sufficiently understood by the great majority even of those who worked with him in the council. He had a peculiar cynical humour which did not seem to take with many; but he knew him to be a man of the most refined culture, and so forth—till the speaker was considerately stopped by a disturbance in the crowd. We are sorry to find the honourable title of cynic conferred even in a vote of thanks upon one who could reply to it in the following style. Mr. Alderman Watkin said, in what the newspapers call "returning thanks," that "*when a man won he was generally verbose.* (Laughter and cheers.) It was evident that both the candidates were orators. (Laughter.) He had rather a horror of orators in the City Council, because they had got too many there already. He hoped that Mr. Nield would take a thought, and mend in the matter of long speeches. (Laughter and cheers)." What do you think of that for the gratitude of a man of the most refined culture? For our part, we should prefer the gratitude of an unrefined dog. But it may well be said that no gratitude is due for favours which are undeserved. True. But if gratitude may be dispensed with, surely the manners of a gentleman may not. It is sad that cynicism should be made responsible for rudeness; but it shows how little cynicism is appreciated when language such as Mr. Watkins' upon this occasion is attributed to a peculiar cynical humour. Cynicism has nothing to do with incivility; and before it can be thought to have, it must be as much misunderstood as Mr. Watkin would appear to be by the great majority of those who work with him. They must misunderstand him very much, indeed, if they think that when they depute him to preside at a polling booth they are deputing a fit and proper person. It is to be hoped that they will not again discredit themselves by sending as their representative at an election one who seems on those occasions to combine the wit of a circus clown with the manners of a ploughboy.

THE POSTAL REGULATIONS.

The old opinion that the Post-office was a signal proof of the advantage of some monopolies is rapidly succumbing. Ever since the department took the telegraphs in hand, it has had more to do than it could manage; and now that it has these new postal cards on its mind, its vagaries are become the but of everybody. The other day the Post-office was set upon, in the correspondence column of the daily papers, on the score of meanness in reducing the size of these novelties. But the rash correspondent who indulged in this animadversion was very properly rebuked next day, and told that, if instead of censuring the conduct of others, he would attempt to understand it, he might notice that the new size was by far the more convenient. In truth, the Post-office has sins enough to be accused of now without being accused improperly. You pop a parcel in the office box, and then it is a fair matter for speculation and a bet as to when it will turn up at its destination; and lucky, indeed, is the recipient if he does not find he has to pay a certain quantity of pence for the infraction by the parcel of some regulation neither he nor the sender ever heard of. The Post-office seems to have hit on an ingenious means of adding to its revenue by making a secret code of laws, and mulcting everybody right and left for their defiance. It is getting time this little game upon the part of the authorities was stopped.

THE CHRONICLES OF PRESTWICH CHURCH.

INTRODUCTION.

"I think I hear the bells, sir."

"Yes, boy, and a pretty historical peal, too."

"How so, sir!"

Such, preceded by some minutes' silence, was the opening of a conversation last Sunday morning, when we found ourselves—we and our young Ascanius—pacing briskly, side by side (how unequal soever the steps), on our way to morning service at the parish church of Prestwich. It was a raw air, and the fog was of the densest, but as by this time we had walked ourselves into a pleasant glow, with a good mile and a half of hill and dale still to be measured, and with not the slightest prospect of a single patch of landscape peeping upon us through the "poring dark," what better could we do than fall a-talking with the boy Ascanius about the bells both of us had been listening for, but which he had been the first to hear?

Yes, boy, those bells are historical enough. It is accurately known not only when a peal was rung, but how much it was rung for. For instance, there was a grand birthday peal in 1666, in honour of King Charles II., and the ringers received two shillings for ringing it; and they appear to have rung it to some tune in another way, for the next recorded item in the churchwarden's books for the year, is 1s. 5d. for "swine's grase and sallet oyle for ye bells." There is also mention made of a matter of 6s. "ffor ringinge the 5th of November" in the following year; another of 3s. 6d. "paid to ye ringers att crownation day of James II.;" and another of 5s. "att Queen Anne's crownation," together with an extra shilling to the ringers "for ye good newes." Soon afterwards there was a peal "for ye victorie of Malplequet;"

another for "ye treatie of Utrecht;" a third (this may have been a triple bob major) for the coronation of King George I.; and a fourth "for ye defeat of ye Pretender at Preston." By the way, in the opinion at least of "ye ringers," this last occurrence couldn't have been reckoned as up to very much, for it stood them in but 2s., while King George's coronation (10s.,) showed an advance of cent per cent even upon good Queen Anne's. Be this as it may, it is no wonder if, after so much jubilation, the bells wanted new casting. Any how, new cast they were, for in 1721 a special assessment was made for the purpose; and, what's more, there's a record of "Paid, spent when new bells first rang, 10s." Exactly half a century afterwards, the capture of New York was as good as £1. 6s. to the belfry, while the taking of Philadelphia couldn't have been a particularly bad bargain at a guinea. Were not these two magnificent hauls for the belfry folk? Why, nothing had ever been like it before, and there was nothing like it for a long time afterwards—nothing indeed until we come to the "downfall of Bouonaparte," the news of which was too good to be rung under a guinea and a half. So, you see, lad, the bells we are now hearing were, to the Prestwich folk, two or three centuries ago, if not as good as a daily newspaper, still the only newspaper they could come by. And what was a means of news to them is, in some indirect sort, a means of history to us; for we know by the documents preserved in the church chest, that the last time the curfew hereabouts tolled the knell of parting day was on some evening in 1690, for after that year all mention ceases of the usual allowance for candles (3s. 6d. by the year) "for ye ringers to ringe eight of ye clock."

And the boy Ascanius marvelled.

By the time the first peal was over, and to judge by the aid of our ears, for our eyes availed us nothing, the church couldn't be very far off. At all events the rookery was close on our right hand, and, as we remarked to our young friend, the service seemed to be in full caw. *Did we know anything historical about ye Rookery?* We should rather think we did, and about the rooks' eggs too, not to mention all the region kites, and other "varmints" that infested the old parsonage and glebe land about the time of the Reformation. Why, as late as 1657 a poacher of the period, named Robert Ward, plodded his weary way up to the church gates with a load of "130 roackes crowes and pies," and received 3s. 4d. in good English money. In the same year, other such payments were made in this wise:—"Paid for ringteals and kiets and 1 hearon, 1s. 6d.; paid to Thomas Wallworke ffor one ffox, 1s.; ffor one hedghoge, 2d.; ffor one bagger, 1s.;" and, a little farther on—"paid for 3 kiets and 12 magpies, 8d.; for 54 dawe and crowe eggs, 9d.;" and, lastly, as if the arithmetical powers of the Prestwich churchwardens were quite exhausted by their labours that year, we find a lump record of—"paid for several varments, 15s. 9d."

Whereupon the young Ascanius laughed, and, offering to hold our church service while we put our briar root in our pocket, he protested he would like to write out this funny history and send it to the editor of the *Sphinx*. "*Macte novâ virtute Puer*," we rejoined, and straightway fell a-musing a minute or two, in the mist, on the feasibleness of the lad's idea.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY

AT THE HULME TOWN HALL.

THE scene is the Hulme Town Hall—a large room, previously almost sacred to third or fourth-rate amateur concerts and similar cheerful entertainments; the occasion, the first of a series of science lectures for the people; the lecturer, the foremost and most popular *savan* of the day.

That the president of the British Association should appear at all in a suburb of Manchester naturally excited unusual interest. When, too, there was super-added the fact that he could be heard for a merely nominal sum, the excitement became intense. Heywood's quickly sold all the tickets, and the demand was by no means satisfied. An impression seemed to prevail either that admittance could be obtained by tender of a penny at the Hall, or that tickets would be issued there *ad libitum*. Hence many came unprovided with any admission cards, and trusting to the talismanic power of the penny. Neither of these suppositions turned out correct. Considerable confusion about the doors resulted. Numbers who expected no difficulty in gaining admission found their progress barred on the stairs by a bevy of excited officials, who met all protests by a stern reiteration of their demand for tickets. Hence the corridor filled with groups of disappointed people of all sorts, in all stages of disgust. Standing about were groups of ladies, slightly frightened with the hubbub, and distressed at the loss of the opportunity of gazing at a scientific celebrity. The most unhappy position was, however, held by those unfortunates who were known to have, or were suspected of having, surplus tickets. The treatment of fancied Prussian spies in Paris could scarcely have been less respectful. If it was once suspected, with or without reason, that there was such an individual about, the wretched man was hustled and pushed in a way that might have moved the pity of a garotter. If he took refuge in flight he was relentlessly and fiercely pursued till brought to bay, and in some way forced to disgorge. Long after the Hall was crowded, and the lecture begun, the confused murmur of malcontent outsiders could be heard. They resolutely declined to believe the statement that there was no room. Indeed, it was only the soothing influence produced by the eloquence of Dr. Roscoe, and his solemn affirmation that further admission was physically impossible, that stayed the rising storm, and preserved us from the perils of a good-humoured riot.

The lecture hall is a moderately large room, very lofty—too lofty for its size perhaps—with an atmosphere dull and sombre, owing to its not being particularly well lighted. The body of the room was very quickly crowded, and before long was uncomfortably full. We have the authority of the Chairman for the statement that the crowd consisted entirely of working men. With a less excellent voucher, we should certainly not have believed anything of the sort. We were quite unprepared to find a miscellaneous collection of working men so scrupulously careful in attire. Indeed, after all, we cannot help harbouring a suspicion that there was a considerable non-working class element (using that phrase to convey its ordinarily accepted meaning) in the audience. We are, in fact, quite certain that there were present many gaily-dressed ladies, a sprinkling of Owens College students, and not a few well-to-do people, of whom there are many in the neighbourhood who are always on the look-out for a pleasant and cheap way of amusing themselves. There were no reserved seats, but the platform was slowly filled by people more or less well-known to science, learning, and politics. Most of them looked uncomfortable and self-conscious, as though aware that we, in the humbler places, were criticizing very freely their claims to the seats of distinction, and, in many cases, throwing considerable doubt on the validity of those claims. Dullness and depression were the prevailing expressions, the only cheerful person being a lady whose name is intimately connected with the so-called Women's Rights movement. She smiled benevolently, and chatted cheerily, as one not easily put out, and by no means unused to such dignity of position. After relieving ourselves by this criticism, nothing remained but to study the other ornaments of the platform. They were very simple and unambitious; a round table, holding two or three specimens of coral, a black board, a few coloured diagrams, and a white sheet suspended from the wall. The only further break to the monotony of waiting was that caused by the momentary appearance of Dr. Roscoe's pleasant face. He quickly disappeared, however, apparently rather disconcerted at having been discovered. A few more minutes' waiting, and then, amidst a buzz of excitement, a solemn procession filed on to the platform. Owens College was very strongly represented. The principal—Mr. Greenwood—and the Professors of Chemistry and Natural History, formed part of the body-guard of Professor Huxley. Mr. Thomas Ashton, most genial and homely and unassuming of gentlemen, was called to the chair, and in a few plain words introduced the lecturer.

Professor Huxley—who obtained his title first as Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, but who is also Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, and Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons—is rather tall, with dark complexion and black hair and whiskers. He is in his forty-sixth year. His face is serious and profoundly intellectual. The portrait which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Illustrated London News* gives a very fair idea of his expression as he stood waiting, with hands folded, for the stir which attended his uprising to subside. In one respect we were just a little surprised. We expected a few introductory words, and were half afraid of some indirect

hint that the lecturer was conscious of reducing himself to our level. But he went straight to the subject—Coral Reefs—without a single syllable of preface, and without the slightest suggestion of patronage. It is no part of our object to attempt a report of the lecture itself. By this time, doubtless, a full copy will be published, if the anticipations, subsequently expressed by Dr. Roscoe, have been fulfilled. It appeared to us to be a model lecture. For the first few moments the style seemed hard and dry, and the delivery monotonous and too professional. The words were spoken very slowly and deliberately, with a perfect distinctness of enunciation which made every tone audible, though the pitch of voice was rather low. Mr. Huxley's command of words is admirable. He spoke throughout without the aid of a single note, and yet never hesitated for a word or used an inappropriate one. There was no attempt at display. Tricks of oratory were carefully avoided. Yet, after a very few minutes, it was quite easy to understand Professor Huxley's pre-eminent popularity as a lecturer on science, whether speaking to a fashionable audience at the Royal Institution, or to a more humble assembly of working men. No report we have yet seen gives—no report, we imagine, can give—even an approximate idea of the charm of the matter. Its eloquence was that of simplicity; but the attention of a miscellaneous audience was kept at full stretch. The foggy November weather could scarce steal a second for coughing. The address was so perfectly clear that the least educated hearer could have had no difficulty in following and understanding it. Technical details were either avoided, or so quaintly illustrated and felicitiously explained, that no one was puzzled by them. And though the lecture was in this sense essentially popular, it never for a moment lost its scientific character. There was an entire absence of any sensational aid to success. Now and then references were made to the coloured diagrams, and two views of coral formations, one of which exhibited a ship in a totally impossible position, were, with the assistance of a popular official at Owen's, reflected by a lantern. But the chief assistance was derived from the blackboard, on which the lecturer drew rough sketches of the various developments of the subject, from the simple sea anemone to the divers orders of coral reefs. This part of the proceedings must have been somewhat aggravating to the aristocratic occupants of the platform, who, from their position, were unable to see anything of the chalk illustrations. Scattered here and there were touches of humour, as in defining and describing a zoological co-operative store; and interspersed were pleasant recollections of the professor's nautical life, probably referring to the time when, as a young man and assistant-surgeon in Royal Navy, he sailed on important surveying expeditions. Casually he introduced a reference to his friend Darwin, whose theory he has explained in a popular manner in a small work, and expressed for him his warm admiration. The pleasure of the lecture was not marred by its being too long. No listener tired in the smallest degree, and there was something like a sigh of regret when the speaker closed with a reference to the evidence afforded by coral reefs to the prodigious antiquity of the earth. Seldom have we heard heartier cheering than that which expressed, in the only way possible, the gratitude of the audience. In fact, Professor Huxley seemed for a moment almost embarrassed, and modestly shaded his face. Dr. Roscoe—the omnipresent—interposed some few sentences, explanatory of the future course of proceedings, in a rather excited manner, and in a style which presented a striking contrast to that of Professor Huxley. A stranger might have been excused for suspecting that extemporaneous speaking was not one of Dr. Roscoe's strong points. It is certain that during this small oration, which ended in a remarkably abrupt fashion, just suggestive of a breakdown, the learned doctor's friends must have felt a little uncomfortable. A few words of sensible advice on the subject of the management of the lectures gave Mr. Huxley an opportunity for the utterance of some compliments in which there may have been a touch of delicate irony.

In point of numbers and enthusiasm the first meeting of the series was altogether successful. It would be hypercritical to suggest any other motive for attendance than an earnest love for science. Such a feeling of regard is doubtless wide-spread in the vicinity of the lecture. It shall not be ours to breathe a hint that any less exalted motive could have affected the attendance. Least of all can it be supposed that idle curiosity to see and hear a scientific celebrity could have had any influence on a single visitor. However this may be, the movement is in itself a useful one. The listening to lectures is only one part of the scheme. Classes are to be formed for systematic and regular study, as was done after the Carpenter's Hall lectures a few years ago, and the excellent results derivable from such a plan are evidenced by the fact that those who are best able to judge of its effects are willing a second time to try the experiment.

HINTS ON DRINKING.

2.—GERMAN BEER: BRANDY.

IN our former remarks on drinking, we referred more particularly to the drinking customs in Manchester, the morning "beer," often repeated, occasionally multiplied by more than two, and that abominable compound, gin-and-bitters, frequently brought in as a wind-up. It is not a custom much to our mind, this morning "tippling," for it is nothing else; but, although we may say, like Brougham on the power of the Crown in his day, that it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, we can't see any signs just at present of its diminution. The hooker-in seems to have started the business, with his morning round to the various hotels congregating round the Infirmary, where he finds "an excuse for the glass" while waiting for the expected fish, or having a chat in a cheerful, *bon-hommie* kind of manner with his brother hooks, for the purpose of hearing of some arrival which may have escaped his search; and having left his prey in the hands of the salesman, where his presence would be *de trop*, he naturally returns to the scene of his success, and "does" another beer or so on the strength of it. The country spinner or manufacturer "drops" in to see his agent, or some one of the class, not quite recognized as being yet on his account; the agent naturally goes to look for his constituent, and see he has not got into bad hands; and even the humble newspaper man, cordial and reticent at once, picks up a few crumbs which get afterwards kneaded into the paste of those wonderful little paragraphs which would lead the uninstructed reader to suppose that one of Thompson and M'Kay's lurries would hold all the calico and other goods, that have been sold in Manchester for a week.

At some of these places, however, we have lately had our British beer seriously threatened, like Paris, by the Germans. It is a light, foamy ale, rather dark complexioned, and not too clear in the glass. There is no pungency about it, like Bass's "pale" has when in condition, and it has a somewhat uncooked, floury taste about it; but it is a good beer to drink at, and the principal objection to it is that it is mostly fourpence a glass, the duty on import being a sovereign a barrel. We do not feel at all compelled to drink it out of the metal-lidded cups or tumblers with handles so often tendered for our use. Why the British brewer cannot produce this ale is to us a mystery. We have the best malt and hops in the known world, and ought to have any sort of beer that we want. The reason partly is, we suspect, that he won't. He has got into a groove. Moreover, the Excise throw their red-tape lassos round him, and he is fast by the leg. As friends to sobriety and morals, we venture to advocate the use of this beer as a beverage. A penny extra can't make much difference to a man who is willing to go to his fourth or fifth glass, not an uncommon thing, remember, and he will be sober and fit for business at the end of them. How the beer is made we have no knowledge. The hop, we should think, plays but a small part in it, and the malt must be of the high-dried kind, such as is used about the Bridlington, Filey, and Hunmanby neighbourhood. But what we may *advocate* about beer, we don't *insist* on. The great test after all is, do you like it, and does it suit you? Anything where these two requisites are combined will agree with you, like the substantive with its verb—"in number and person."

But besides beer, there is a good deal of spirits consumed in Manchester. The old-fashioned brandy, the colour of mahogany, was at one time almost the universal stimulant. It has by no means gone out yet, but it has paled, so to speak, before the stronger force of its rivals. We are now told that it is folly to use dark or brown brandy, for it is only pale brandy with some burnt sugar in it. That, however, is by no means the case. There is a certain astringency about brown brandy which is eminently suitable to the stomach at certain times and seasons, for which cause we recommend our readers to keep it out of the list of their ordinary or occasional beverages, so that when the necessity or the desirableness of using it arises, it may come as a new thing, and act

properly upon a system not cloyed or vitiated with its constant or frequent use.

This liquor seems to call up associations of the old coaching times, when the starving outside passengers got down at every stage to recruit themselves with what we think used to be called a "jorum" of hot brandy-and-water. This produced a temporary but delusive warmth, as the railway passenger now may prove for himself, if he has a mind, for the luckness man soon becomes colder than ever. No; let the traveller in the cold weather, which has suddenly come upon us, avoid hot liquids, except such as may be in the carriage foot-warmer, in which, if he can get one, he may let it remain, and always excepting also coffee or tea; let him, if he wants to keep off a chill, take in the cold, in spirits if he likes them. Pale brandy is the best, but to our mind there is nothing which so soon creates a comfortable glow and diffuses an agreeable and permanent warmth through one's whole frame as a glass of beer. We are no great friends, as the reader may perhaps have gathered by this time, to beer being drunk indiscriminately, *ad libitum* as they say, and therefore we have said *a* glass of beer. But not to be taken, like your ticket, at the beginning of your journey, except under special circumstances, but to be deferred as long as you can do without it, or until the first chilliness comes on, and your restlessness proclaims that the nervous system is organizing a corps of unseen franc-tireurs to keep up a guerilla warfare against your comfort. Let there be no imitation of your unwise companion who gets out at nearly every station for what is known about Snigbruk as "a chucker." There is a great deal of fancy about these things, and we are convinced that a man can, with the aid of very moderate refreshment, keep himself warm by his own resolution and mere strength of will. One's personal gratification consists in other things than gratifying, as it is called, every whim of which we allow ourselves to become the sport. Moreover brandy has certain irritating qualities, without which, indeed, it would not be a stimulant, and if well advised you will let well alone.

We are no great admirers of brandy with hot water. Whenever we see in any place of public resort, a man taking his brandy hot, we conclude that either he is an invalid, a foreigner, or an ignoramus. It is certainly of use, the brown especially, as a stomachic—in fact as a medicine—but it is a sickly, though not sentimental, compound. Pale brandy, taken hot, is simply, to our taste, nauseous; but either that or brown makes the best "pick-me-up," when tired Nature's sweet restorer has not, by the next morning, sufficiently restored the gay convivial of last evening, and put him into trim and working order. For this purpose it should be mixed with an equal quantity of hot water, and no more, and should be taken without any sugar, even with averted eye if necessary, and may be repeated once and once only. Or, instead of hot water, use a similar quantity of good port wine. If these fail, you must stop, for you have

Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile.

and the "family compound," or a 74 broadside from a pharmaceutical acquaintance, not far from the aerial steam-engine, will be "your only wear."

But there is brandy which is no brandy, except in name, perhaps. We once, for the purposes of science, so far martyrized ourselves as to taste some British brandy. We always associate it with a strong shock we had, when a boy, from an electrical machine; but the recollection is painful, and we should prefer to say no more about it.

Of the genuine and proper brandy, we suppose the often-read names, Mantell's and Henessey's, still rule. We don't know; we are not in the trade, and have sought no private lessons from our spirit-merchant. We dare say he has his little secrets, those peculiar to himself, as well as those common to the trade; but we don't want, indeed, prefer *not* to know them. There are scenes behind which it is not prudent to go. Who that, before dinner, visited the kitchen of a restaurant could ever, greatly daring, dine? And of your parson, be he priest or pastor, it is cruelly disenchanting to know much of him in his private life, else you might know that his discourse of last Sunday morning, elegant or impassioned, as the case may have been, was but a cento from Jeremy Taylor, Doddridge, and Dean Stanley, and learn the circumstances under which Mrs. Pastor's last new bonnet was, or was not, paid for. Even nearer—in fact at home—if you knew all about your wife's household accounts, or, her latest dodge connected with a half-quarter's schooling of Lucinda Jane, your youngest but three, there might be some words not strictly of an affectionate nature between you and that lady-like and economical woman.

Our notion about pale brandy is that it should be made paler still, and should be drunk with cold water, and, in summer, lots of it,—of the water, of course, we mean. It seems scarcely the time of year to warn our readers against the immoderate use of ice, but we are obliged to refer to the matter here, as ice was, during last summer, in such general and constant use. But it is excessively dangerous, and is the prolific parent of colds, sore throats, and toothache. By nature's law of compensation you become hotter, or at all events, have the sense of heat greater and stronger, by so much as you have been artificially cooled by it; and like the railway traveller above spoken of, you will have to undergo a very unpleasant process before you will have attained your normal condition. Let ice be used to cool the vessel from which the water you drink is taken, but keep the ice itself out of your glass. You know, or can have a pretty good idea of, the state of the water you are using, but who can tell into what kind of liquid your transparent lump may resolve itself? For all that we consume should be the converse of the famous definition of justice—it must not only seem to be pure, but must also actually be so.

THE [GAY] THORN.

(No connection with an antiquated ballad bearing a similar title.)

Odoriferous Gaythorn! let connoisseurs praise
The smells they approve in their several ways;
Yet, when they have vaunted and boasted their fill,
'Tis thine, gentle Gaythorn, to bother them still.

Let them sing of the woodbine, the white-blossom'd sloe,
The wildbriar, the blackthorn, the hawthorn also;
Yet unsated they still of their fragrance may sniff,
Whilst thine would content the whole crew with a whiff.

Though pleasant, 'tis costly to tickle the nose
With essence of lily or attar of rose;
One may sink a small fortune in jockey bouquet,
But of thee!—a small fraction will go a long way.

Thy hills and thy waters no wonder evoke,
For thy rivers are ditches, thy mountains are coke;
But the land of the Cymraeg, the country of Tell,
Are nowhere to thee in the matter of smell.

I have traversed thee often, my Gaythorn, by day,
And observed the dull throng stop its nose in dismay;
In the night, when thy footways were silent and lone,
I have trod them—how often I need not depone:

But at morn or at eve, or at midnight or noon:
By the shine of the sun or the sheen of the moon;
Or in darkness Cimmerian, I boldly may say,
I could track by its odour each inch of the way.

Of the last rose of summer sweet things have been penned,
But its beauty and fragrance, how quickly they end:
Whilst thou, my own Gaythorn, each season disdain'st,
And all the year round thy full flavour retain'st.

In this pestilent city, where foul smells abound,
There is not another like thine to be found;
And the curious in stenches might vainly explore,
For a fetor like thine (de)composed of a score.

Stink on then, my Gaythorn! and far be the day
Ere the march of—Fox Turners shall sweep thee away:
Ere councillors having no int'rests at stake,
A crusade effective against thee shall make.

ENGLISH *v.* FRENCH.—Two old ladies going to church, one said to the other "War it no a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in Battle?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady; "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gaein into battle?" The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as well?" The reply was, "Hoot! jabbering bodies! wha could understand them?"

GOOD HOUSE COAL to be had at 48, **GRANBY ROW**, at 7d per cwt.
BEST, 8d. per cwt. Carted one mile and a half.

ONE YEAR'S RENT SAVED BY FURNISHING YOUR HOUSE
AT
GIBSON'S
COMPLETE
HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENTS,
78, OLDHAM STREET,
AND
90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD,
WHERE CAN BE SEEN THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN MANCHESTER.

A HOUSE COMPLETELY FURNISHED IN THREE DAYS.

DRAWING ROOM SUITES,
CONSISTING OF COUCH, LADIES' AND GENTS' CHAIRS, AND SIX SMALL CHAIRS, IN REP,
£8 8s. TO 30 GUINEAS.

DINING ROOM SUITES,
IN MAHOGANY, AND COVERED WITH BRITISH MOROCCO, COMPLETE,
FOR 10 GUINEAS.
DINING ROOM SUITES IN BEST MOROCCO, FROM 19 GUINEAS.

DINING TABLES,
WITH EXTRA LEAF, AND FITTED WITH SCREW,
39/6 TO 10 GUINEAS.

BED ROOM SUITES,
IN VARIOUS KINDS OF WOODS,
FROM 8 GUINEAS TO 40 GUINEAS.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!!
CONSIDERABLY REDUCED!
BEST BRUSSELS, 3s. 4d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d.
BEST TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 2s. 4½d., to 2s. 11d.
BEST KIDDERMINSTERS, 1s. 8d. to 2s. 9d.

Iron Bedsteads, Full Size, 11s. 9d. to £6. Wool Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows, 16s. 6d. to 50s.
FEATHER BEDS from 38s. to £6 10s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.
NOTE THE ADDRESS:
R. H. GIBSON,
90 TO 96, STRETFORD ROAD; AND 78, OLDHAM STREET (ANCOATS STREET END).

ALL DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large Producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly Low Prices.
7. SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS. MANCHESTER.

ALEX. ROSS'S CELEBRATED HAIR PREPARATIONS.
HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX. ROSS, 245, High Holborn, London.

WE ARE NOW
SELLING THE NEW SEASON'S TEA

At our TEA ESTABLISHMENTS, at the

Corner of OLDHAM STREET and SWAN STREET, and at
53, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,

AS UNDER:—

Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The Popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d. and 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured.
Our Best Black Tea at 4s. is especially selected for our trade.

WM. SATTERTHWAITE, TEA MERCHANT.

White and Sound Teeth.

ESTABLISHED
BY MORE THAN
Thirty Years' Experience
And Numerous Testimonials,
AS THE BEST, SAFEST,
AND MOST
Effectual Dentifrice extant.

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
FOR
CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING
AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS
PREPARED BY
JEWSBURY & BROWN.
Chemists
113, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sold Universally by Perfumers, Chemists, &c.,
At 1/6 and 2/6 per Pot.

TO ENSURE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE PREPARATION,
PARTICULARLY OBSERVE
The Trade Mark and Signature
OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Jewsbury & Brown

HELL AND ITS TORMENTS, AS DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES, &c. By T. R. Price 9d. Cloth gilt 1s. 3d. A most Extraordinary Book. London: Geo. J. Stephenson. Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD. And all Booksellers.

MUSIC OR NO MUSIC?—See Preface and Postscript to JOULE'S COLLECTION OF CHANTS, &c. 8th Edition.

THE MIDDLE VOLUNTARY.—See Notes to JOULE'S DIRECTORIUM CHORI ANGLICANUM. 4th Edition.

"THE HUGE IDOL."—*(Sphinx.)*—DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND ORGAN AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH. 5th Edition.

ESTABLISHED, 1847.

FURS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.—F. SCHMEHL, Fur Manufacturer, 9, St. Ann Street, and 133, Oxford Street.
FUR, SEAL, and ASTRICAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings Fur Hearth and Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton Streets, Manchester.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS, Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by R. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
FOUR GOLD MEDALS.
CAUTION.—Require Baron Liebig's signature on every Jar and Tin.
5 lb. Tins supplied in enormous quantities to both French and German troops in the field, and this size especially recommended to Relief Committees.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.
THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d per box.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor *Sphinx* Office, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

IMPORTANT TO BANKERS, SOLICITORS, MERCHANTS, STOCK & SHARE BROKERS.

INSTANTANEOUS PRINTING.

NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials :—

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly.

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithograph Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

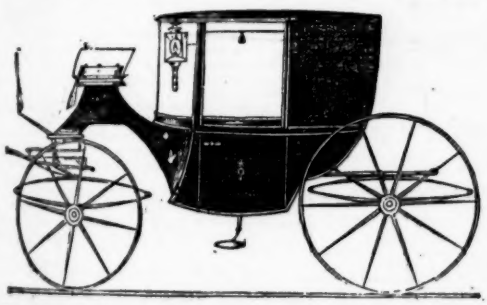
Sold in Manchester only by J. G. KERSHAW & CO.,

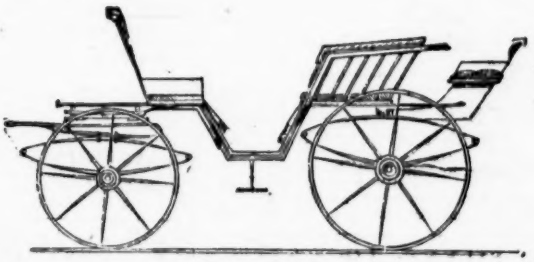
Lithographers and Letterpress Printers, Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET AND PORTLAND STREET.

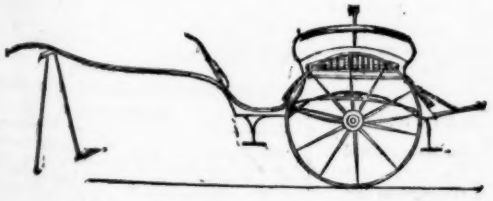
JOHN ROBERTS,

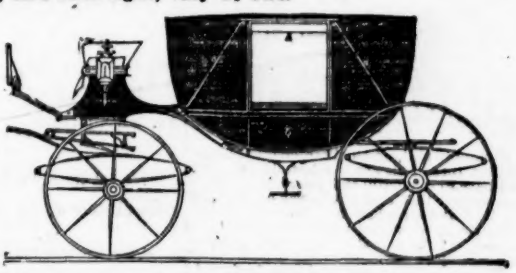
STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES, 70, DEANSGATE.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE GREATEST VARIETY OF THE BEST CLASS AT REDUCED PRICES.
SEWING SILKS, THREADS, COTTON, NEEDLE, OIL, AND EVERY REQUISITE FOR SEWING MACHINES. REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
J. HOLROYD, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, 159, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULME.

GO TO
WILLIAM LORD,
15, PICCADILLY,
FOR
PARAFFIN
AND
PETROLEUM LAMPS,
Of the newest Styles, and best quality.

BROWN'S COTTON GLANCE.—The above Circular is published every Monday, and may be had of the Author at a charge of Two-and-a-Half Guineas per annum, payable half-yearly in advance. W. L. BROWN,
27, Fitzclarence Street, Liverpool.

NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE,
BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.
Lessees, Messrs. F. B. EGAN and WALTER RAYNAM.
To-night, and every Evening, the Performance will Commence with the LAUGHABLE FARCE,
THE
HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
To Conclude with
INSURED AT LLOYD'S.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
CHAMBERS & CO.,
TAILORS AND DRAPERS.
Have REMOVED from 25, OLD MILLGATE to No. 24, OPPOSITE, to much larger and more eligible premises October 11th 1870.
The latest FASHIONS from Paris to be seen at this Establishment.

KING'S ARMS,
WINDMILL STREET
(Late CURRIE),
Entirely Re-fitted and Re-opened.
HENRY EARLE, Proprietor.
VISITORS TO THE THEATRES
will find every accommodation in the intervals.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
Noiseless in Movement: Easy in Management.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
Deansgate, Police-st., and St. Ann's-st., Manchester.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
In cases of chronic indigestion, disordered liver, and general debility, these Pills are wonderfully effective. They indeed have so wonderful and powerful an effect on the whole system that they clear away or ward off most of the ills that flesh is heir to. They cleanse the bowels, purify the blood, correct biliousness, give tone to the stomach, excite a healthy appetite, produce sound sleep, and impart increased energy to both mind and body. The admirable properties of these far-famed Pills are too highly appreciated to require lengthened encomium here, as they are resorted to by rich and poor of every nation. The cures they effect are not temporary or imperfect, but are seen in a marvellous and most beneficial change throughout the entire body, which enables it with renovated powers to resist the approach of all future attacks.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Co., Limited.
This (FRIDAY) Evening, BENEFIT and LAST APPEARANCE BUT ONE of
Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
The Performances will commence at Seven o'clock, with the great Drama of
UNCLE DICK'S DARLING.
Followed by FOUR SCENES from Poole's celebrated Comedy of
PAUL PRY.
After which Mr. TOOLE will say a few words, deliver his celebrated BURLESQUE LECTURE, and give his Imitations of Actors; concluding with the
BIRTHPLACE OF POLGERS.
To-morrow (Saturday),
GRAND MONSTRE NIGHT.
UNCLE DICK'S DARLING.
SEE 'EM AT A GLANCE;
and Scenes from
OLIVER TWIST,
Being positively the last appearance this season of MR. J. L. TOOLE.

EXCHANGE STREET GALLERIES,
14, EXCHANGE STREET.
THE EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS DRAWINGS,
comprising upwards of 350 Examples of Modern Water-colour Art,
IS NOW OPEN
from ten to four daily; Saturdays, ten to two.
Admission, including Catalogue,
ONE SHILLING.

COOKE'S
ROYAL CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGE HOUSE,
13A, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER,
Nearly opposite, and to the right of the Prince's Theatre.
SAUSAGE AND MASHED POTATOE
4d.
ALWAYS READY.
Served in the London style, and in half a minute from the time of ordering.
Allsopp's Mild and Bitter Ales, Combe and Co's London Stout. Wines, Cigars, Tea, Coffee, &c.

GRAND AFTERNOON BILLIARD ENTERTAINMENT,
Under the Patronage of
The Earl and Countess of WILTON,
The Earl and Countess of ELLESMERE,
Sir HUMPHREY & Lady ANNETTE DE TRAFFORD,
Colonel SHUTE and OFFICERS of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and
Colonel BALL and OFFICERS of the 8th (King's Own) Regiment,
has been arranged by Messrs. Orme & Sons, to take place in the
TOWN HALL, KING STREET,
on Wednesday, December 7, between
Mr. J. ROBERTS, Jun., Champion, and Mr. W. COOK, ex-Champion.
There will also be
AN EVENING MATCH.
On the following day Two Similar Matches will be played between
Mr. BENNETT,
of London, and the Winner of the previous day.
Arrangements will be made for the presence of ladies at the matches similar to those at the last matches in the Free-trade Hall.
Plans can be seen, and places secured, on and after the 16th instant, at Messrs. ORME & SONS', billiard table makers, 7, St. Ann-street.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.
PRESENTS FOR OWEN'S ALL OCCASIONS
Work Boxes, Inkstands, Hand Bags, Reticules, Smelling Bottles | Desks, Tea Caddies, Dressing Cases, Card Trays, Card Cases AND Musical Albums. | Albums, Purses, Jewel Cases, Scent Cases, Cigar Cases
NO HOME WITHOUT AMUSEMENTS
CHESS & DRAUGHTS, MOORISH FORT, FLORAL LOTTO | CANNONADE, BEZIQUE, RAILWAY TRAFFIC
And fifty other new Games, from 1s. to £10. 10s.
Bagatelle Tables, from 35s. to £15. 15s.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES, POST FREE.
JOHN OWEN,
1, OLDHAM STREET,
AND
80, DEANSGATE.

LIFE POLICY HOLDERS protected against loss by the investment of the whole of their Net Premiums in Government Securities deposited in the Bank of England.
The full amount of the surrender value of the Policy may also be obtained on demand, each Policy being convertible into gold for the temporary use of the Policy-holder, if required. These Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited.
This perfect and equitable plan of Life Assurance was originally prepared by Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., &c., General Register Office, Somerset House, and submitted to Her Majesty's Government, who adopted the principle (with some modification) through the medium of the Post Office.
The basis of all just and safe Life Insurance transactions is a true Life Table. In calculating the Premiums, the English Life Tables published under the authority of the Registrar-General for England are employed.
Trustees of the Policy Holders' Life Funds:
Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, London.
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons; Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.
William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant-General, India Office, Westminster, London.
The system fully explained and a prospectus supplied on application at the Head Office or any of the Branches of the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.
HEAD OFFICES:
BROWN STREET and MARSDEN STREET
MANCHESTER.

All communications relative to Advertisements must be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakespere Street, Ardwick Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.
Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester — Saturday, November 12, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, TOBACCONIST, &C., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY.